CHIN • GARCIA • HEMBECK • ICE • LANE • MacGILLIVRAY • PARSONAVICH • VAN HORN

BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING INCORPORATED

NO. 2
$2.00 U.S.
$2.75 CANADA

LAFFIN' GAS

DARK LIGHT: A THIRD LESS HEROIC THAN OUR REGULAR HEROES.

BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING

THE PARODY

They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. I haven't heard what they say about parodies, but it certainly can't be all good. In this case however, the issue is attempting to take a lighter look at a very well done, very serious character.

As you can see from the work inside the interpretations can take on many forms. Some of us went for the feel, while some went with the title itself. There were others who went after the history of the character and/or the artist. In any event, I think they all worked out well.

This month Hal Lane, Fred Hembeck, and William Van Horn make their *LAFFIN' GAS* debuts with some very funny stuff. (Van Horn can be read in Blackthorne's bi-monthly comic, *Nervous Rex*.) Regulars Dave Garcia, Chin and Parsonavich, and cover artist Andy Ice return for more; and I'm still here so I'm doing something right.

Cliff MacGillivray
Editor

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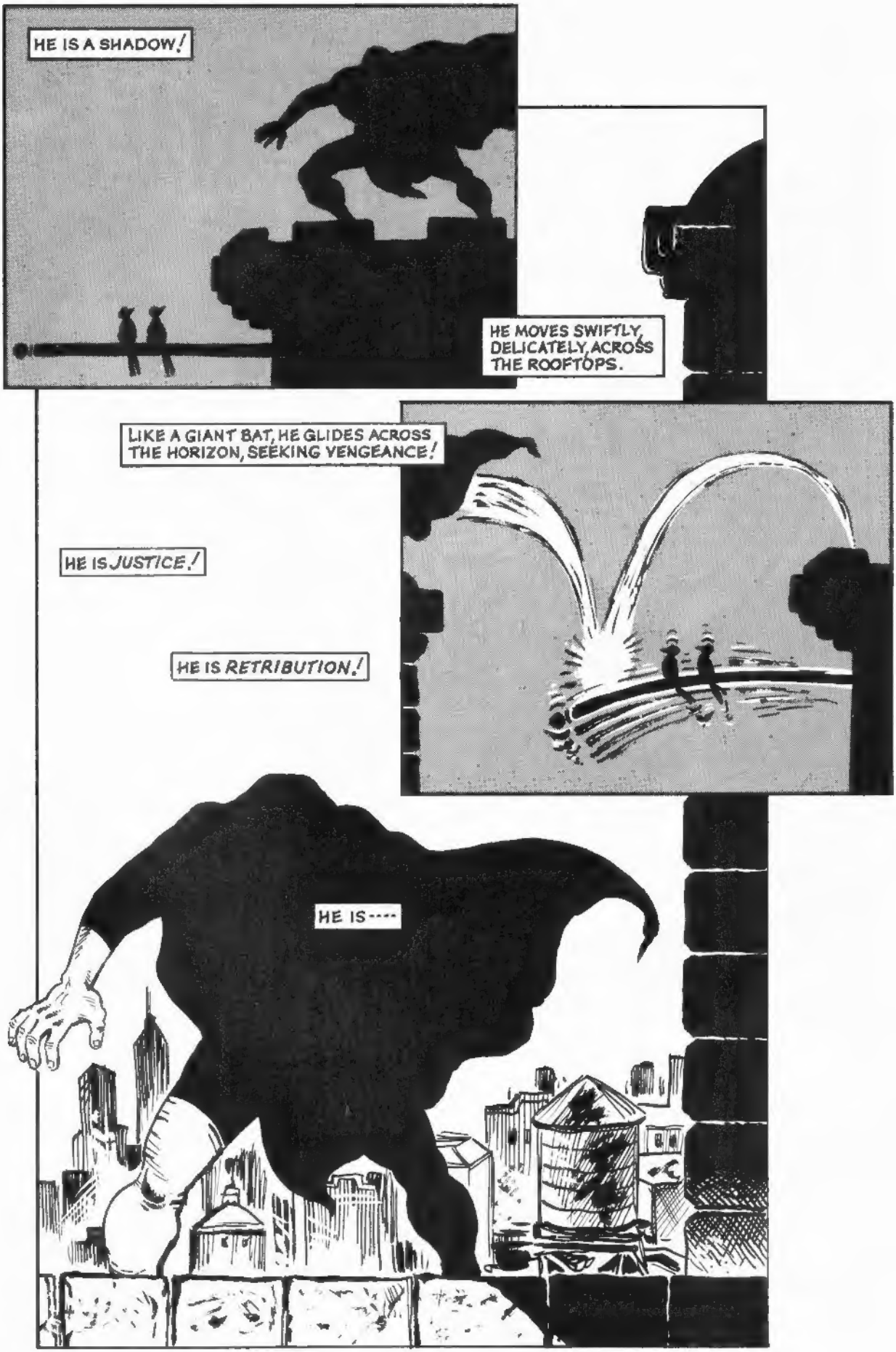
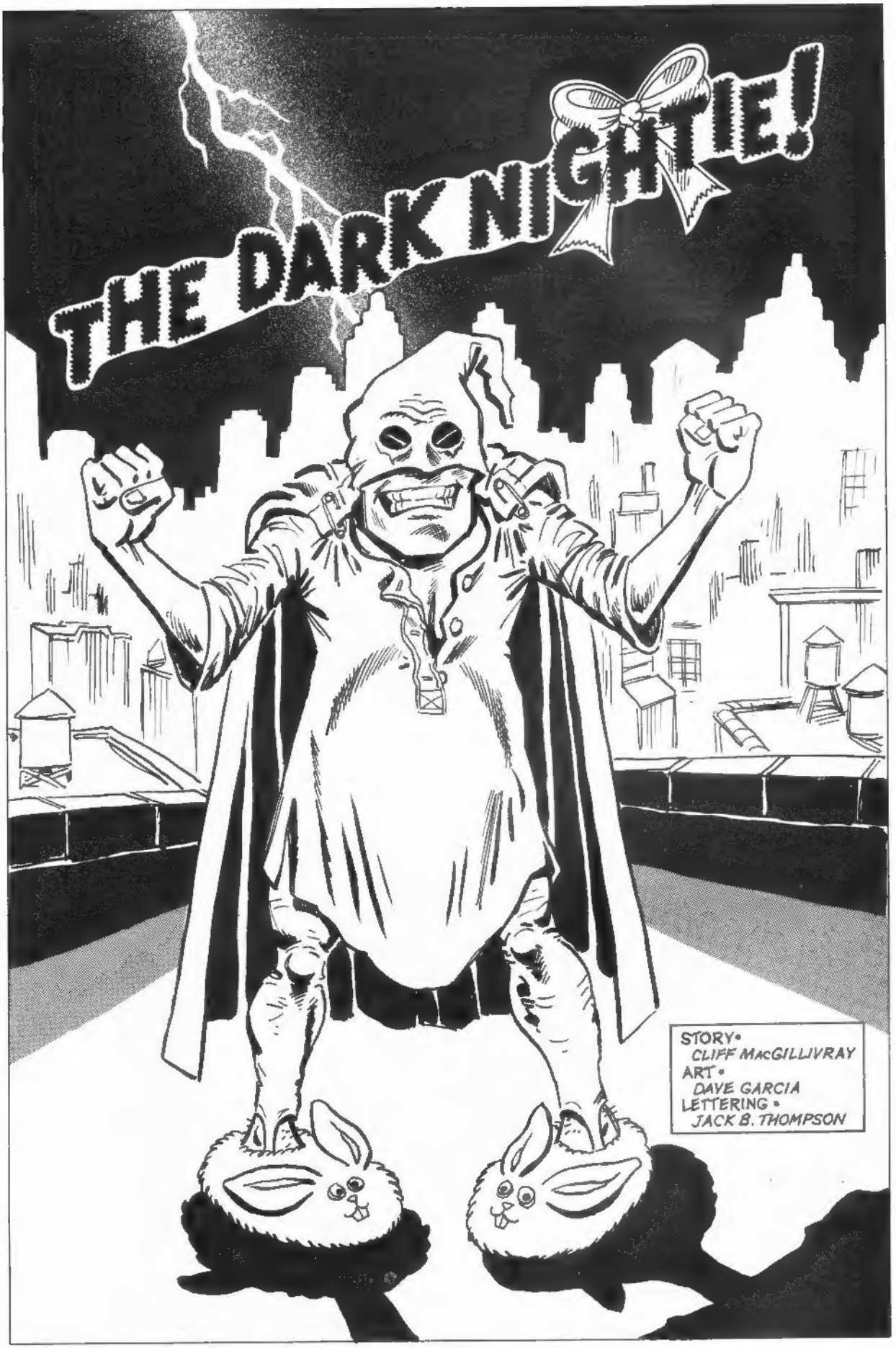

HE IS A SHADOW!
HE MOVES SWIFTLY, DELICATELY, ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS.
LIKE A GIANT BAT, HE GLIDES ACROSS THE HORIZON, SEEKING VENGEANCE!
HE IS JUSTICE!
HE IS RETRIBUTION!
HE IS----


THE DARK NIGHTIE!
STORY • CLIFF MacGILLIVRAY
ART • DAVE GARCIA
LETTERING • JACK B. THOMPSON

---THE PAIN IS FAR AWAY, ALMOST FORGOTTEN.

---LIKE A TOOTHACHE, IT SUBSIDES.

---THEN YOU DRINK SODA POP AND IT REARS ITS UGLY HEAD AND TRIES TO EAT YOUR INSIDES OUT---

YOU CAN STILL HEAR THEIR TAUNTS, THEIR LAUGHTER

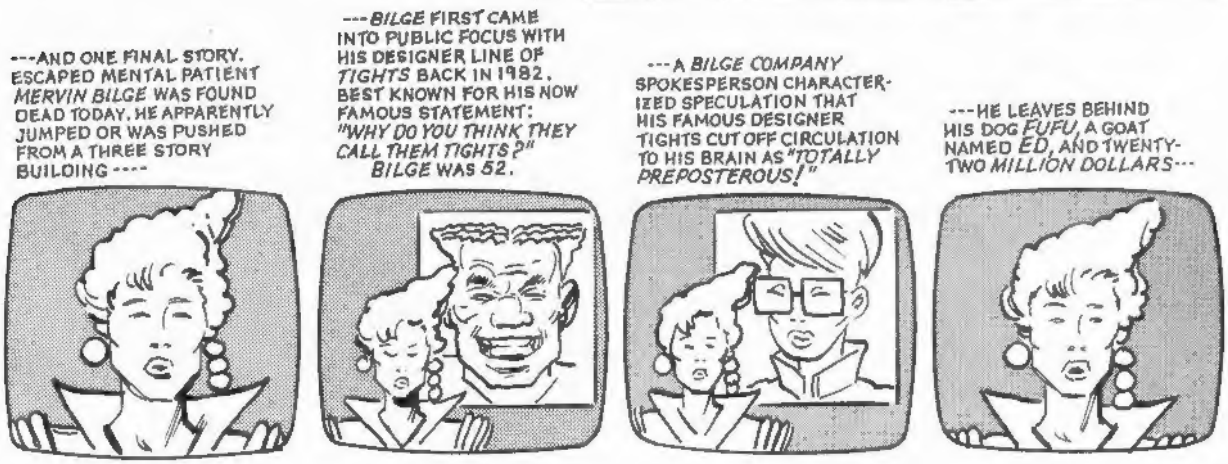
YOU CAN SEE THEIR UGLY, UNBRUSHED TEETH AS THEIR LIPS CURL BACK TO FORM HIDEOUS GRINS---

YOU REMEMBER THE WETNESS, THE OOZE, WHEN THEY SPAT UPON YOU, AND THE PAIN FLARES.

YOU CLUTCH YOUR HEAD UNTIL THE PAIN IN YOUR TEMPLES SUBSIDES, THEN YOU MOVE ON.

FOR YOU ARE *JUSTICE*.! YOU ARE *RETRIBUTION*.! AND *THEY* MUST PAY.!!

YOU ARE ABOVE THEM NOW--- YOUR ENEMIES!
THEY ARE LIKE EVIL BUGS, WAITING TO BE CRUSHED.
AND YOU ARE THE BAT MAN!
MY NAME IS SLOB
FOR TONIGHT'S WORK YOU HAVE SELECTED A REGGIE JACKSON THIRTY-SIX. LONG, THIN HANDLED. BUILT FOR POWER. BUILT FOR SPEED
IT IS A DARK, FORBODING NIGHTMARE THAT CAN CRUSH A FASTBALL OR A PUNK'S HEAD---
THE TIME HAS COME--- DEATH IS NEAR!


---AND ONE FINAL STORY. ESCAPED MENTAL PATIENT MERVIN BILGE WAS FOUND DEAD TODAY. HE APPARENTLY JUMPED OR WAS PUSHED FROM A THREE STORY BUILDING ----
---BILGE FIRST CAME INTO PUBLIC FOCUS WITH HIS DESIGNER LINE OF TIGHTS BACK IN 1982. BEST KNOWN FOR HIS NOW FAMOUS STATEMENT: "WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL THEM TIGHTS?" BILGE WAS 52.
---A BILGE COMPANY SPOKESPERSON CHARACTERIZED SPECULATION THAT HIS FAMOUS DESIGNER TIGHTS CUT OFF CIRCULATION TO HIS BRAIN AS "TOTALLY PREPOSTEROUS!"
---HE LEAVES BEHIND HIS DOG FUFU, A GOAT NAMED ED, AND TWENTY-TWO MILLION DOLLARS---

FROM OUT OF A DARKENED GOTHUM NIGHT COMES AN AWESOME SPECTER OF VENGENCE – A BAT LIKE MASS OF BORSHT CIRCUIT HISTRIONICS CALCULATED TO FONDLE THE FAVORITE FEARS OF EVILDOERS EVERYWHERE!
YOU GUESSED IT – IT'S THE . . .
DORKNYTE.
A HOOOOO WA!
SPRONG
YOU AGAIN, EH?
RIGHTO. AND FRESH IN FROM ANOTHER BOUT WITH CRIMINALITY, TOO! A LI'L PIT STOP, YOU MIGHT SAY . . .
HERE, COSMO- HOLD MY ROPE-

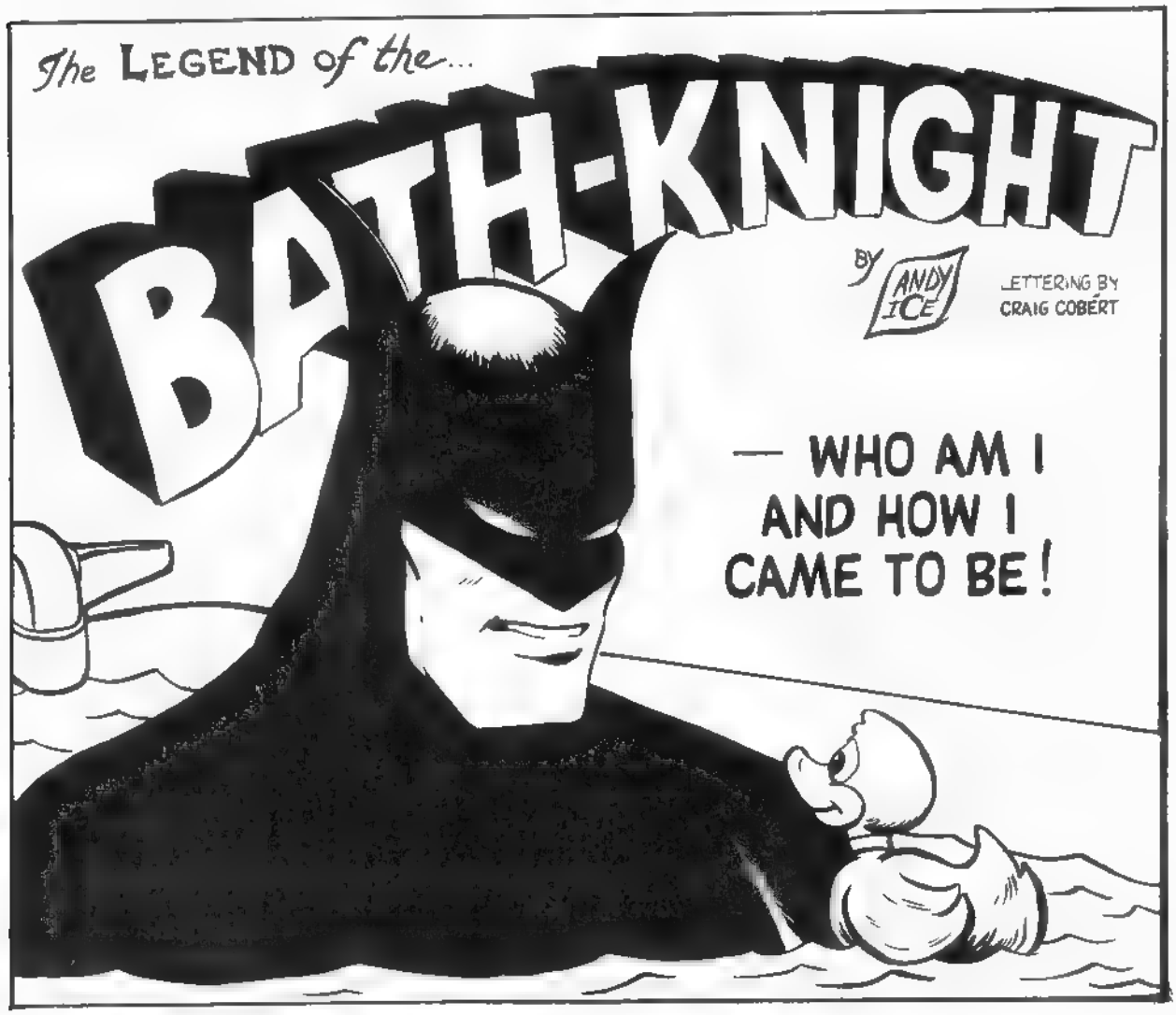
AIN'T YOU GETTIN' A MITE OLD FER THIS KINDA STUFF, MR. DORK, SIR?
THE DORK NYTE IS NEVER TOO OLD, SIR--
AN' IF YA DON'T STIFLE YER FRIGGIN' PIE HOLE AND SET ME UP A WEE DRAM, I'LL SPLASH YER NITWIT FACE FROM HERE TO LEXINGTON AVE... SAVVY?
HI THERE, LI'L SWEETY - I BET YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM REALLY, DO YA?
I MEAN LIKE WHO THE REAL ME IS DEEP DOWN UNDERNEATH ALL THIS HERE DRAPERY. DO YA - HUH?
WHO CARES?
WHO CARES?
THE WHOLE DING DONG TOSSPOTTED WORLD CARES!
GET 'EM UP, JERKO
WHY I'M KNOWN IN PLACES AS REMOTE FROM NORMAL HUMAN LIFE AS EL CAJON!
LAY THE GRAVY ON ME, MEATBALL, OR ELSE--
BANG BANG

BUZZ OFF, BLINTZ!
WHADDA YOU THINK, PAL...
GUK-
DON'T I LOOK LIKE THE NEWEST BRIGHTEST BESTEST ME THAT EVER WAS?
GIMMIE DAT DRESS - NYA HAAA..
EEK-
R.I.P.
HOW 'BOUT THESE NEW STYLE MUSCLES?
YER MINE, BABY - -SLOBBER SLURP..
OOOO.
AN' TAKE A GANDER AT THIS AWESOME SPECTER OF VENGENCE TYPE COSTUME I GOT WITH THE CUTE LIL PICTURE OF A BAT ON IT -
NIFTY, EH?
PUT AN EGG IN YER SHOE AN' BEAT IT, BUM!
BUM?

YOU CALL THE DORK NYTE, A MAN WHO DRIPS WITH WEALTH, A BUM?
WELL GET THIS, PORKCHOP- THERE'S MORE BIG DOUGH NOWADAYS IN CHANGE OVERS OF GUYS LIKE ME THAN YOU'LL EVER SEE IN YER WHOLE MISERABLE PIMPLE STREWN LIFE!
BUT ENOUGH OF THIS. DUTY CALLS— THE DORK NYTE HASTA GET BACK ON PATROL.
CRIME WAXES, YA KNOW - AN' I GOTTA NAIL IT DOWN SO THIMBLE WITS LIKE YOU CAN POUND YER EARS IN PEACE.
DUNNO WHY I BOTHER, THO.
WORLD FULLA INGRATES.
BESIDES - IT'S GETTIN' HARDER TO STAY UP NIGHTS...
VAN HORN

YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME, DOC. MY LIFE HAS BECOME ONE LONG DISASTER!
VELL, MR. KNIGHT, VE DO VHAT VE CAN. VHY DUN'T YOU START FROM THE BEGINNING.

OK, DOC, BUT BEAR WITH ME. I DON'T FEEL VERY WELL THESE DAYS.
YOU DUN'T LOOK TOO GOOD EITHER.
I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO MY CHILDHOOD, DOC, TO TELL YOU . . .


The LEGEND of the...
BATH-KNIGHT
BY ANDY ICE
LETTERING BY CRAIG COBERT
— WHO AM I AND HOW I CAME TO BE!

ONE NIGHT, WHILE WALKING HOME FROM THE MOVIES, MY PARENTS AND I WERE STOPPED BY THE GRUBBIEST MAN YOU EVER SAW.
W-WHAT IS THIS?
A STICK-UP BUDDY! I'LL TAKE THAT NECKLACE YOU'RE WEARING, LADY.

HE SHOT MY PARENTS AND FLED. THEY WERE ONLY GRAZED THOUGH, AND WOULD HAVE LIVED IF NOT FOR THE DIRT AND SQUALOR THAT INFECTED THEIR WOUNDS!

FROM THAT DAY, DIRT BECAME MY SWORN ENEMY.
AND I SWEAR TO AVENGE MY PARENTS BY SPENDING THE REST OF MY LIFE FIGHTING GREASE AND GRIME!

CRIMINALS ARE A FILTHY, GRUBBY, LOT, SO MY DISGUISE MUST BE ABLE TO STRIKE FEAR OF BATHING INTO THEIR HEARTS. I MUST CLEAN UP THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT BY . . . BY . . .

A BATH! THAT'S IT! I SHALL BATHE THE CITY IN A CRUSADE FOR CLEANLINESS.

AND THUS I WAS BORN AS A WEIRD FIGURE OF THE NIGHT . . . AN AVENGER OF FILTH . . . THE BATH KNIGHT!

SOON, AS I WAS DECIDING ON MY HEADQUARTERS. I FELL THROUGH A LOOSE BOARD IN THE BARN, AND LANDED IN A SECRET, LINOLEUM TILED CAVE. IT WAS TO BECOME MY BASE OF OPERATIONS — **THE BATH-ROOM!**

I THEN MET THE ORPHANED SON OF A JUNIOR-HIGH SCHOOL JANITOR, AND MADE HIM MY WARD . . .

AND SWEAR THAT WE TWO WILL FIGHT TOGETHER AGAINST DIRT, AND GRIM, AND NEVER TO SWERVE FROM THE PATH OF CLEANLINESS.
I SWEAR IT!

AFTER MONTHS OF TRAINING WITH THE MOST ADVANCED CLEANING AGENTS AVAILABLE, I WAS READY TO PRESENT TO THE WORLD THAT GREAT CHARACTER FIND . . .BUBBLE, THE BOY SCRUBBER!

TOGETHER WE SET OUT TO CLEAN UP THE CITY'S MOST FOUL CIMINALS.

AND THAT'S HOW IT'S BEEN 'TILL RECENTLY, DOC. BUT SUDDENLY I'M A MESS! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT CLEAN-CUT, ALL-AMERICAN HERO?
MR. KNIGHT, YOU'VE HAD A HARD DAY. WHY DON'T YOU RELAX AND TAKE A NICE SHOWER?
A SHOWER? OH YEAH, GREAT IDEA, DOC. I DON'T GET CLEANED UP LIKE I USED TO THESE DAYS.
AAAAH! THAT HITS THE SPOT, DOC. DOC! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
CLICK!
HAH! I'VE FINALLY GOT YOU TRAPPED. YOU'VE BEEN STEALING MY THUNDER FOR TOO LONG!
HEY! YOU'RE NO DOCTOR! YOU'RE . . .
DIRT—DEVIL! THE MAN WITHOUT SOAP!
HA HA HA
B
THAT'S RIGHT! I PAVED THE WAY FOR GRUBBY AND GRITTY HEROES, AND YOU'RE JUST IN MY WAY.
YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM MY SHOWER OF DOOM!
BLAST! HE TOOK MY UTILITY BELT WITH MY LASERS AND ESPECIALLY MY SOAP!
HOW IRONIC! TO BE TRAPPED BY THE SHOWER STALL THAT I LOVE!

ONLY A FEW SECONDS LEFT! I'VE GOT TO USE ALL MY STRENGTH TO POUND MY WAY OUT.
BAM BAM
CRASH
UNNHH! THAT DOES IT. I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS BUSINESS. BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
A BAT! THAT'S IT! IT'S AN OMEN! ONE THAT I SHOULD HAVE FOLLOWED LONG AGO. I SHALL BECOME A BAT!
AND THUS, ONCE AGAIN IS BORN A WEIRD FIGURE OF NIGHT-GAMES . . . THE BAT-BOY!

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COLD BLOODED #2
CHAMELEON COMMANDOS

Q. What's worse than looking for a needle in a haystack?

A. Looking for a highly-classified microchip in a mountain of fertilizer!

WHO WILL FIND IT FIRST? The swift and deadly star-nosed miles or . . . The Cold-Blooded Chameleon Commandos?

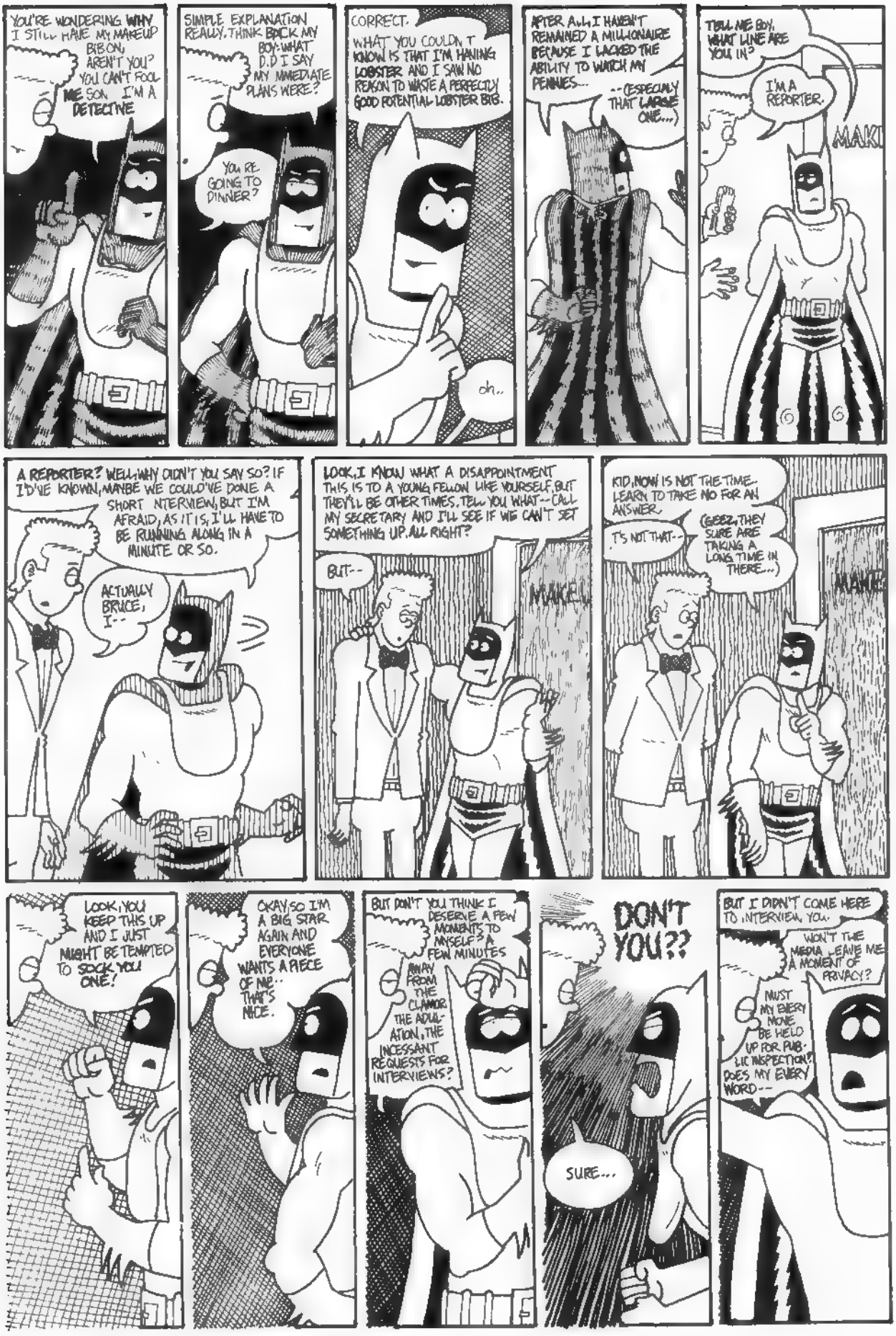
Don't miss the high-intensity action as they play "King of the hill" in . . "BATTLE OF BANDINI MOUNTAIN."

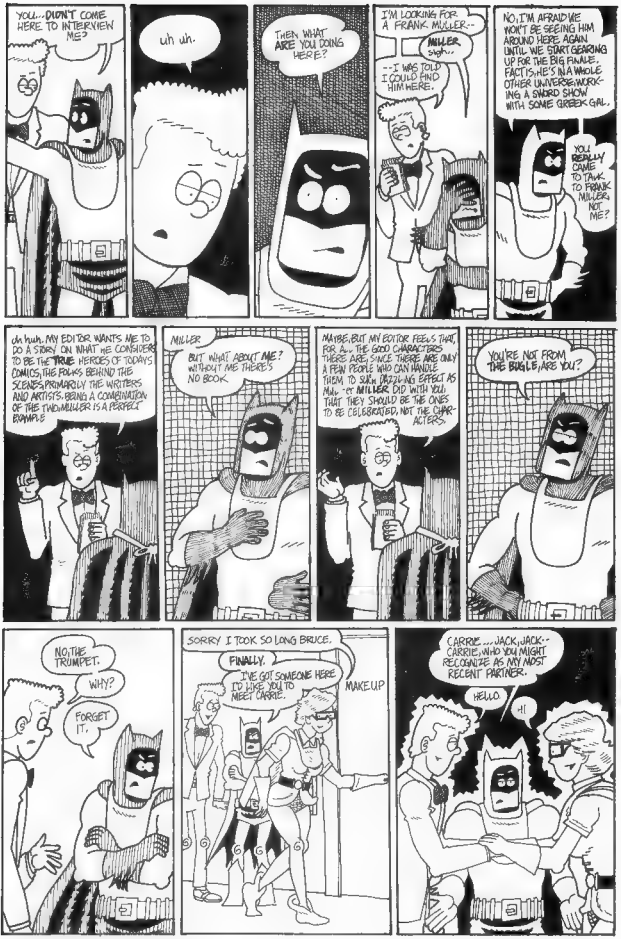
COLD-BLOODED CHAMELEON COMMANDOS #2 *— by William Clausen and Michael Kelley 32 page B&W bi-monthly comic Full color laser-scanned covers Kelley cover. . . . . .* ***$1.75***

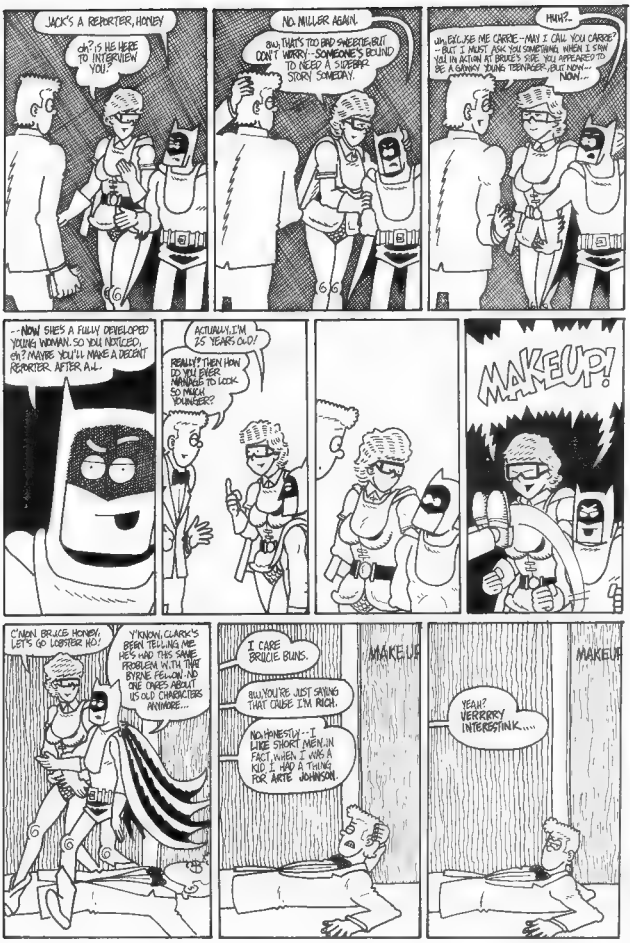
THE INTERVIEW

BY FRED HEMBECK

I'LL BE WAITING FOR YOU OUT HERE --TAKE YOUR TIME.
MAK
PARDON ME SIR, BUT I WAS WONDERING--
HMM? OH, YOU'D LIKE AN AUTOGRAPH? CERTAINLY MY BOY, CERTAINLY. PLEASED TO OBLIGE.
(GOT A PENCIL?..)
WHAT'S YOUR NAME SON?
UH, IT'S JACK.
PLEASED TO MEET YOU JACK CALL ME BRUCE, ALL MY FRIENDS DO.
YOU KNOW JACK, IT'S REFRESHING BEING IN THE LIMELIGHT AGAIN. I'M AFRAID IT'S BEEN TOO MANY YEARS SINCE I'VE HAD A TRUE TASTE OF FAME.
--AND THEN IT WAS FOR THAT GODAWFUL TV SHOW
BUT THAT'S ALL IN THE PAST. THESE DAYS, I'M GETTING PUBLICITY FOR ALL THE RIGHT REASONS.
TELL ME SON, YOU HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING THE STORY OF MY RETURN FROM RETIREMENT. HAVEN'T YOU?
OH, YES SIR.
BRUCE.
GOOD IT LOOKS LIKE ALL THOSE HOURS IN THE MAKEUP CHAIR HAVE BEEN WORTH IT.
Y'KNOW, I WAS WONDERING WHY YOU LOOKED SO YOUNG AND SO ..SO...
SHORT? YOU CAN SAY IT. IT'S ALL MAKEUP MY BOY. WE JUST PUT A WRAP ON THE THIRD INSTALLMENT, SO I HAD THE YEARS WASHED OFF MY FACE. I'VE GOT TWO CONTEMPORARY BOOKS TO DO, Y'KNOW.
THE HEIGHT? IT'LL COME BACK WHEN I GO ON DUTY, BUT RIGHT NOW, DINNER'S ON THE MENU. I'M JUST WAITING FOR A FRIEND.
I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET--YOU THOUGHT I LOOKED GOOD OLD? WELL, WHAT'D YOU THINK OF MY BUTLER AND THE COMMISH?
UH, POSITIVELY ANCIENT.
AH BUT FOR MY CONTEMPORARY ADVENTURES, THOSE TWO ARE SALTED AWAY FOR HOURS IN THE MAKE UP ROOM
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN WHEN THIS YEAR WHEN WE GO BACK AND RE-ENACT MY EARLIEST CASES. OUR MAKEUP BUDGET MIGHT KILL US --
SO, UH BRUCE, IF YOU JUST GOT OUT OF MAKEUP, UH, THAT IS, IF YOU'RE FINISHED IN THERE, I MEAN, HOW IS IT, WELL, YOU KNOW...
NO MAKEUP.
NO MAKEUP?
NOT A DROP


YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I STILL HAVE MY MAKEUP ON, AREN'T YOU? YOU CAN'T FOOL ME SON. I'M A DETECTIVE
SIMPLE EXPLANATION REALLY. THINK BACK. MY BOY: WHAT D.D I SAY MY IMMEDIATE PLANS WERE?
YOU'RE GOING TO DINNER?
CORRECT. WHAT YOU COULDN'T KNOW IS THAT I'M HAVING LOBSTER AND I SAW NO REASON TO WASTE A PERFECTLY GOOD POTENTIAL LOBSTER BIB.
oh..
AFTER ALL, I HAVEN'T REMAINED A MILLIONAIRE BECAUSE I LACKED THE ABILITY TO WATCH MY PENNIES...
--(ESPECIALLY THAT LARGE ONE...)
TELL ME BOY, WHAT LINE ARE YOU IN?
I'M A REPORTER.
A REPORTER? WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? IF I'D'VE KNOWN, MAYBE WE COULD'VE DONE A SHORT INTERVIEW, BUT I'M AFRAID, AS IT IS, I'LL HAVE TO BE RUNNING ALONG IN A MINUTE OR SO.
ACTUALLY BRUCE, I--
LOOK, I KNOW WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT THIS IS TO A YOUNG FELLOW LIKE YOURSELF, BUT THEY'LL BE OTHER TIMES. TELL YOU WHAT--CALL MY SECRETARY AND I'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T SET SOMETHING UP. ALL RIGHT?
BUT--
KID, NOW IS NOT THE TIME. LEARN TO TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.
IT'S NOT THAT--
(GEEZ, THEY SURE ARE TAKING A LONG TIME IN THERE...)
LOOK, YOU KEEP THIS UP AND I JUST MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO SOCK YOU ONE!
OKAY, SO I'M A BIG STAR AGAIN AND EVERYONE WANTS A PIECE OF ME.. THAT'S NICE.
BUT DON'T YOU THINK I DESERVE A FEW MOMENTS TO MYSELF? A FEW MINUTES AWAY FROM THE CLAMOR, THE ADULATION, THE INCESSANT REQUESTS FOR INTERVIEWS?
DON'T YOU??
SURE...
BUT I DIDN'T COME HERE TO INTERVIEW, YOU.
WON'T THE MEDIA LEAVE ME A MOMENT OF PRIVACY?
MUST MY EVERY MOVE BE HELD UP FOR PUBLIC INSPECTION? DOES MY EVERY WORD--


YOU...DIDN'T COME HERE TO INTERVIEW ME?
uh uh.
THEN WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M LOOKING FOR A FRANK MILLER--
MILLER. sigh...
--I WAS TOLD I COULD FIND HIM HERE.
NO, I'M AFRAID WE WON'T BE SEEING HIM AROUND HERE. AGAIN. UNTIL WE START GEARING UP FOR THE BIG FINALE... FACTS: HE'S IN A WHOLE OTHER UNIVERSE WORKING A SWORD SHOW WITH SOME GREEK GAL.
YOU REALLY CAME TO TALK TO FRANK MILLER, NOT ME?
oh huh. MY EDITOR WANTS ME TO DO A STORY ON WHAT HE CONSIDERS TO BE THE TRUE HEROES OF TODAY'S COMICS, THE FOLKS BEHIND THE SCENES, PRIMARILY THE WRITERS AND ARTISTS. BEING A COMBINATION OF THE TWO MILLER IS A PERFECT EXAMPLE
MILLER.
BUT WHAT ABOUT ME? WITHOUT ME THERE'S NO BOOK.
MAYBE, BUT MY EDITOR FEELS THAT, FOR A... THE GOOD CHARACTERS THERE ARE, SINCE THERE ARE ONLY A FEW PEOPLE WHO CAN HANDLE THEM, TO SUCH LASTING EFFECT AS MAL-- er MILLER DID WITH YOU, THAT THEY SHOULD BE THE ONES TO BE CELEBRATED, NOT THE CHARACTERS.
YOU'RE NOT FROM THE BUGLE, ARE YOU?
NO, THE TRUMPET.
WHY?
FORGET IT.
SORRY I TOOK SO LONG BRUCE.
FINALLY.
I'VE GOT SOMEONE HERE I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET, CARRIE.
MAKE UP
CARRIE... JACK, JACK-- CARRIE, WHO YOU MIGHT RECOGNIZE AS MY MOST RECENT PARTNER.
HELLO.
HI


JACK'S A REPORTER, HONEY
OH? IS HE HERE TO INTERVIEW YOU?
NO, MILLER AGAIN.
OH, THAT'S TOO BAD SWEETIE. BUT DON'T WORRY--SOMEONE'S BOUND TO NEED A SUPERB STORY SOMEDAY.
HMM?..
UH, EXCUSE ME CARRIE--MAY I CALL YOU CARRIE? --BUT I MUST ASK YOU SOMETHING. WHEN I SAW YOU IN ACTION AT BRUCE'S SIDE, YOU APPEARED TO BE A GAWKY YOUNG TEENAGER, BUT NOW... NOW...
--NOW SHE'S A FULLY DEVELOPED YOUNG WOMAN. SO YOU NOTICED, EH? MAYBE YOU'LL MAKE A DECENT REPORTER AFTER ALL.
ACTUALLY, I'M 25 YEARS OLD!
REALLY? THEN HOW DO YOU EVER MANAGE TO LOOK SO MUCH YOUNGER?
MAKEUP!
C'MON, BRUCE HONEY, LET'S GO LOBSTER, NO!
Y'KNOW, CLARK'S BEEN TELLING ME HE'S HAD THIS SAME PROBLEM WITH THAT BYRNE FELLOW. NO ONE CARES ABOUT US OLD CHARACTERS ANYMORE...
I CARE BRUCIE BUNS.
MAKE UP
BILL, YOU'RE JUST SAYING THAT CAUSE I'M RICH.
NO, HONESTLY--I LIKE SHORT MEN. IN FACT, WHEN I WAS A KID I HAD A THING FOR ARTE JOHNSON.
MAKEUP
YEAH? VERRRRY INTERESTINK.....

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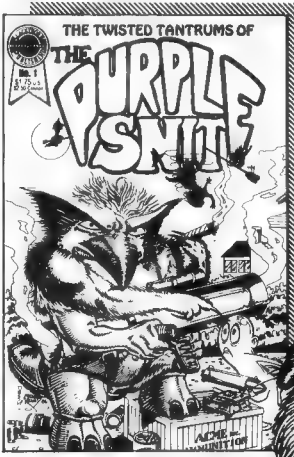
A HALLOWEEN SPECIAL #1 ISSUE!!!

HE'S FUSSY, HE'S FEISTY, HE'S CRANKY & HE'S MEAN!
HE DIDN'T INVENT REVENGE — HE RAISED IT TO AN ART FORM!

He's the PURPLE SNIT!

Ushering in a new age of wierdness, *The Twisted Tantrums of the Purple Snit #1! The demolition is just beginning, and holidays are the SNIT's favorite times. He takes to Halloween like earthquakes take to Southern California — and with the same results!*



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*** A Special Guest Appearance by**

Hammy Hamster
(of Hamster Vice). DON'T MISS IT!

Written by John Stephenson.
Pencilled by Dennis Francis.
Inked by Michael Kelley.

***THE TWISTED TANTRUMS OF THE PURPLE SNIT,* Halloween Special #1** — *32 pages, black and white bi-monthly comic, with full color laser-scanned covers.* **$1.75**

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THE FIRST ISSUE OF...

ALIEN DUCKLINGS

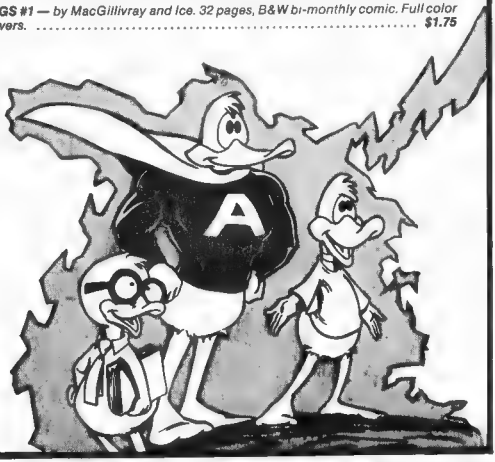
by Cliff MacGillivray and Andy Ice.

Four magnificent, highly evolved being of pure energy from the planet OHM, escape from the evil over-lords who have harnessed their entire race. They flee across several galaxies, eventually landing on Earth.

In order to avoid perishing in Earth's atmosphere they must clone themselves as Earthlings. With time running out. They accidentally clone themselves as DUCKS!

ALIEN DUCKLINGS #1 *— by MacGillivray and Ice. 32 pages, B&W bi-monthly comic. Full color laser-scanned covers.* ***$1.75***

©1986 MacGillivray & Ice



STARK TERROR! ADDED THRILLS! in a SPINE-TINGLING EXPERIENCE

THE CRISIS ON TOO MANY GOSH-DARN BAT EARTHS IS OVER...

NO ONE REMEMBERS BUT ME, AND EVEN MY MEMORY'S NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE.

NO ONE KNOWS THAT COEXISTING WITH OUR OWN WORLD THERE ONCE WERE AN UNCOUNTED NUMBER OF SIMILAR WORLDS, IN THE SAME SPACE, ON DIFFERENT VIBRATIONAL PLANES...

WHERE DID IT ALL BEGIN...

I REMEMBER A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS, A MAN WHO COULD BOAST OF DISCOVERING AN UNKNOWN ELEMENT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF TIBET....

FLAP FLAP FLAP

...WITH THE SAME PROUD ELOQUENCE OF SOMEONE INVENTING A NEW AFTERSHAVE LOTION.

SMELLS PRETTY GOOD, EH BOY?

SNIFF - SNIFF

I REMEMBER THAT IT BEGAN FOR ME IN THE BASEMENT OF AN OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE -

- A NOWHERE CALLED HEATHVILLE.

MY THEORY WAS CORRECT.' DERE ARE MULTI-DIMENSIONAL EARTHS, AND DEY VILL COLLIDE SOON.... UNLESS I ACT QUICKLY!
BY SENDING AN AGENT FROM EACH EARTH BACK TO DE BEGINNINK OF TIME I VILL NIP DIS TING IN DE BUD!
DEY VILL NEVER LAFF AT ME AGAIN,' I VILL SAFE DE VORLD, AND I, VILL BECOME FAA-MOOSE!!!
AND YOU TOO, LOBO.
HUMA
GOOD EVENING I AM DR. PAUL CARRUTHERS I HOPE YOU ARE FEELINK NO ILL EFFECTS FROM MY MULTI-DIMENSIONAL TELEPORTATION RAY.
HE EXPLAINED THAT HIS BIZZARE ELECTRICAL DEVICES WERE ALL THAT WAS PREVENTING THE IMMENENT COLLISION OF FOUR PLANET EARTHS!
THE ELECTRICAL FIELD WAS WEAKENING AND I WAS TO BE PART OF A MORE PERMANENT SOLUTION.
SOMEHOW, I BELIEVED HIM. HE HAD A COLD, DARK WAY ABOUT HIM THAT I FOUND COMFORTING.
SIZZAKK
YOUR FELLOW COMPANIONS HAF ALREADY MET.
NICE PLACE. YOU'VE GOT HERE, DR. CARRUTHERS. WHERE DOES THIS STAIRCASE LEAD?
TO A FIREPLACE.
OH, YEAH? MINE GOES TO A BOOKCASE.
MINE GOES TO A CLOCK.
MINE GOES TO THE BACK OF THE DONUT SHOP

FLAP FLAP
A BUST OF SHAKESPEARE? NO KIDDING.
GOSH, DR. CARRUTHERS HAVE YOU REALLY PERFECTED TIME TRAVEL?
YES, MY BOY AND QUITE BY ACCIDENT. WHILE TESTING MY TEMPORAL THEORIES ONE DAY, I CAPTURED A TINY VICTORIAN CHAIR HOLDING A BENT CIGAR THAT WAS TRAVELING FORWARD IN TIME.
I UNLOCKED THE SECRET OF TIME, DEN HAD A GOOD SMOKE. NOW PAY ATTENTION ALL OF YOU.
TIME MACHINE KEEP AVAY!
TINK OF TIME AS A LONG ROPE OF INTERWEAVING STRANDS.
.. RIGHT NOW DAT ROPE S FRAYED.
IF DA STRANDS CONTINUE TO UNVYNDE... DARE VILL BE CHAOS!
YOU, MY FRIENDS- MUST REWEAVE DOSE STRANDS .. BACK AT DE BEGINNYNK OF TIME!
NOW - STEP INTO MY TIME MACHINE!
THE TIME MACHINE ENCASED US IN A SPHERE OF ENERGY...
WATCH THAT CAPE!
ALBEIT A SEMI-PERMEABLE SPHERE
I SAID, WATCH THAT CAPE!
FLESH FOLLOWED FABRIC AS HE WAS YANKED OUT OF THE PROTECTIVE BUBBLE.
- HE REGRESSED INTO THIN AIR!
ONLY THREE OF US LEFT!
YEAH, AND ONE OF US HAS TO FIND A COMFORT STATION.
LOOK! DEY'VE STOPPED DERE JOURNEY
AS HE LEFT, WE ESCHEWED THE OBVIOUS BATROOM JOKES

WHAT'S TAKING HIM SO LONG?
NO ZIPPER.
MAYBE HE'S LOST.
WE'LL GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO HOME IN ON.
HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE THAT.
HOLY PIT STOP! DO YOU THINK THEY'VE FOUND THE TROUBLE?
YES. MY INSTRUMENTS INDICATE THAT DIS IS VHERE DE DISTURBANCE ORIGINATED. EX-CELLENT!
I THINK YOU FORGOT YOUR BELT.
YEAH, I THOUGHT IT WAS KINDA DRAFTY.
LET'S GO.
DON T YOU THINK WE SHOULD GO BACK AND LOOK FOR THE BELT?
IN THIS JUNGLE, YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT IN A MILLION YEARS.
WE'RE ALMOST AT THE DAWN OF TIME. NO SIGN OF TEMPORAL DISTURBANCE. DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR?
DE FOOLS!-DEY ARE LEAVING DE POINT VHERE HISTORY VAS CHANGED
DIS IS TERRIBLE!
DE FRAYED THREADS OF TIME ARE BEGINNINK TO MULTIPLY!
YET ANOTHER MASKED VIGILANTE HAS SUDDENLY APPEARED, DRESSED AS A BAT....
NEWS 9
SPECIAL REPORT

DID WE CAUSE THE TEMPORAL DISTURBANCE OURSELVES, OR JUST MAKE IT WORSE? WHO KNOWS? BUT MATTERS WERE COMPLICATED FURTHER BY ACTIVATING OUR BAT BEACON AT A TEMPORAL CRISIS-POINT.

IT BECAME PART OF INFINITE ALTERNATE HISTORIES....

TO THE FLINTMOBILE BARN!

RIGHT FRED.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW THE POWER OLD CHUM!

...AS WELL AS MULTIPLE FUTURES.

FORM BLAZING BATARANG!

IAN LONE

.. HOW'S THAT WEATHER LOOK TODAY, FERD?

THERE WAS SUNSHINE OVER MOUNT FUJI FOR THE BATTLE BETWEEN ULTRABAT AND JOKERZILLA...

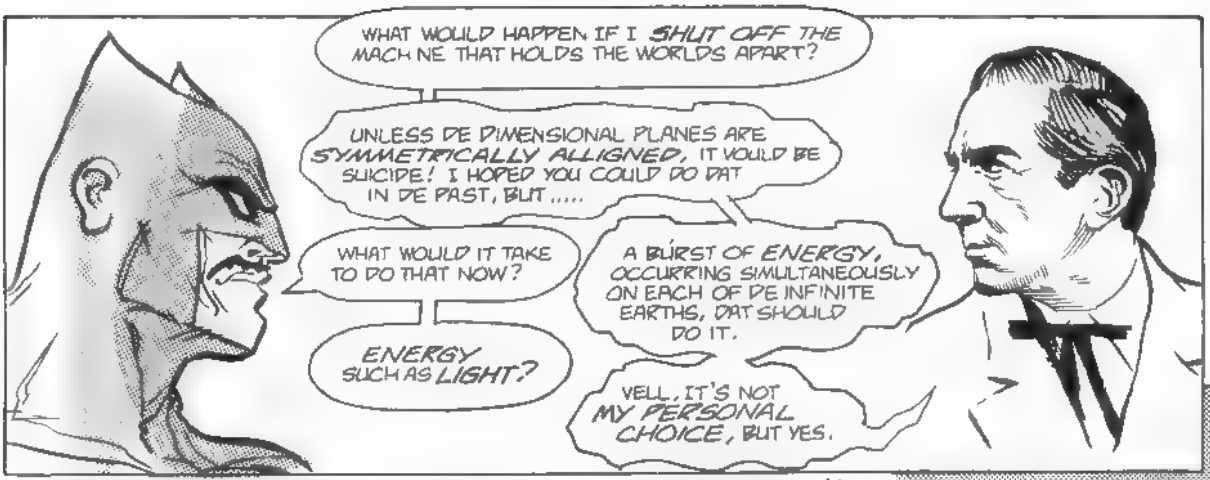
NEWS 9

MY AGENTS ARE DOINGK MORE HARM DEN GOOD! - I CAN BRING DEM BACK FASTER ONE AT A TIME.

WHY'D YOU BRING ME BACK? WE DIDN'T FIX ANYTHING YET.

YOU VERE MAKING TINGS VORSE! LOOK AT DIS...

THAT TRICK NEVER WORKS!


WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I SHUT OFF THE MACHINE THAT HOLDS THE WORLDS APART?
UNLESS DE DIMENSIONAL PLANES ARE SYMMETRICALLY ALLIGNED, IT VOULD BE SUICIDE! I HOPED YOU COULD DO DAT IN DE PAST, BUT .....
WHAT WOULD IT TAKE TO DO THAT NOW?
A BURST OF ENERGY, OCCURRING SIMULTANEOUSLY ON EACH OF DE INFINITE EARTHS, DAT SHOULD DO IT.
ENERGY SUCH AS LIGHT?
VELL, IT'S NOT MY PERSONAL CHOICE, BUT YES.

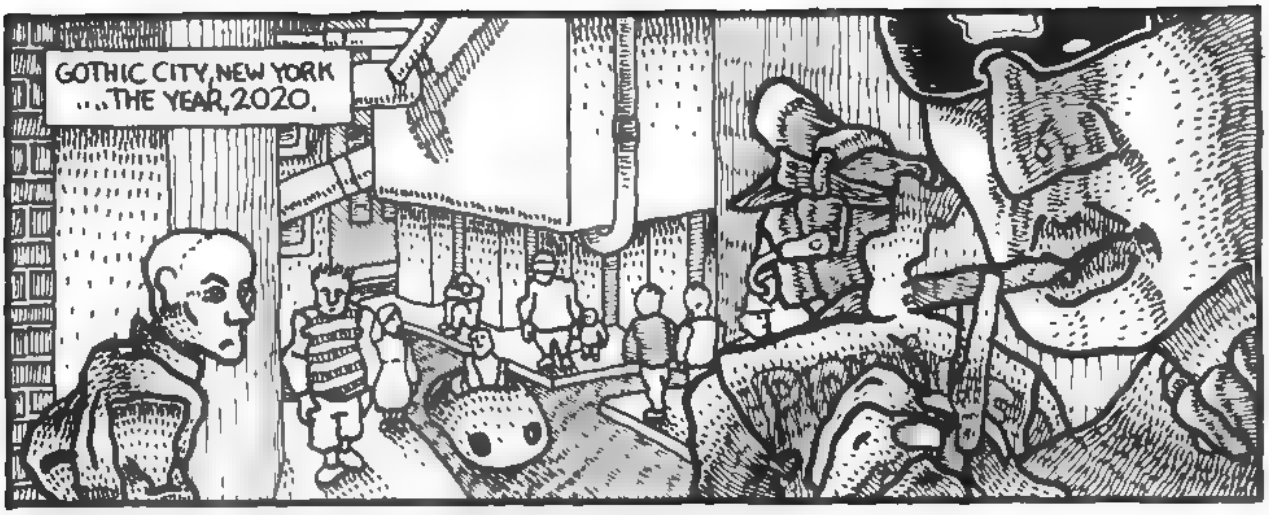
WHEN THE EARTHS COLLIDED, A NEW REALITY WAS FORMED. MY COMPANIONS WERE TRANSFORMED INTO T.V. RERUNS AND MOVIE SERIAL CELLULOID, RESPECTIVELY. ALL THE REST BECAME DUSTY MEMORIES IN THE FILES OF BLACK-THORNE COMICS, GONE FOREVER!

I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT NOW.....

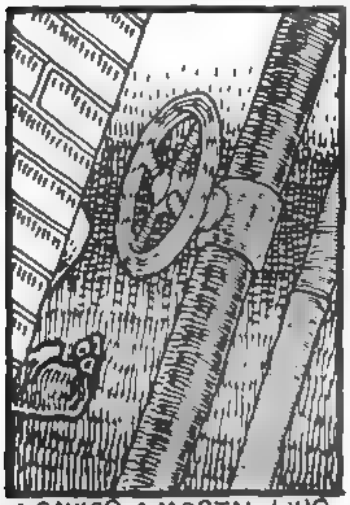
THE SOLE BAT SURVIVOR!

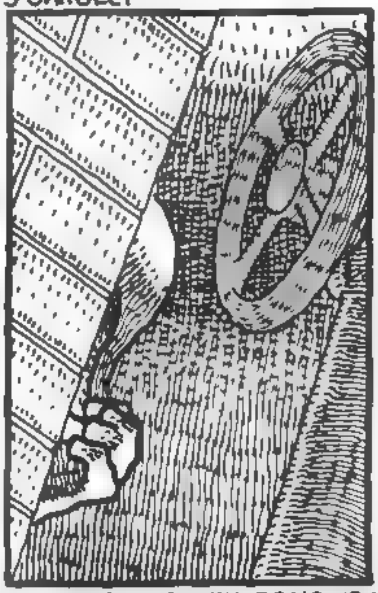
DEVIL BAT TRIUMPHANT

WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY
HAL LANE • story and art
MATT ROLLWAGEN • lettering and jungle embellishment by
EMIL NOVAK
(because I never ink...*vines*-Hal)

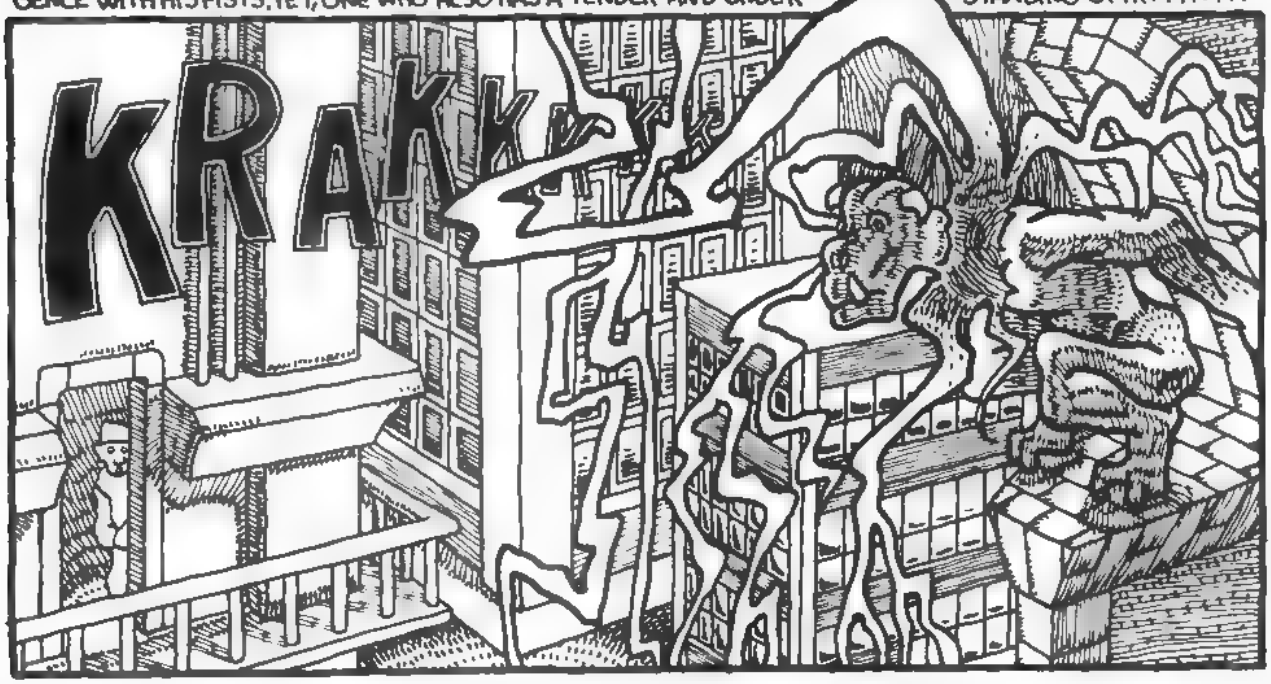


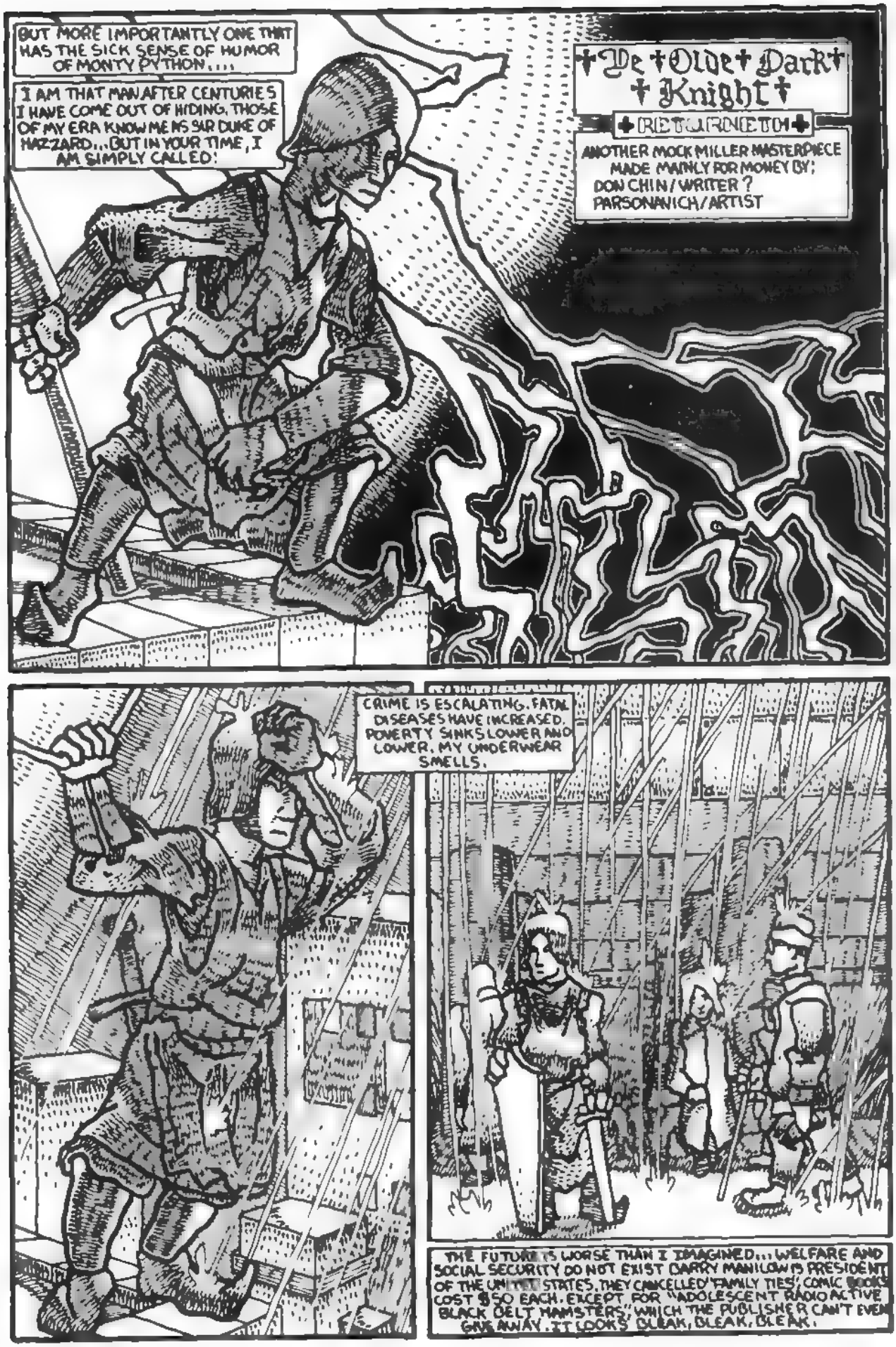
THE VERMIN OF THE CITY RUN RAMPANT..... UNCONTROLLED.
I HEAR SCREAMS OF THE BATTERED INNOCENTS GURGLE.
I HEAR THOSE WITH HALITOSIS GARGLE.
I HEAR THEM DESPERATELY CALLING FOR A HERO.....





...A SAVIOR, A MORTAL WHO POSSESSES THE SAVING GRACE OF GOD, AND WHO DEALS VENGENCE WITH HIS FISTS, YET, ONE WHO ALSO HAS A TENDER AND UNDER- -STANDING SPIRIT.....




BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY ONE THAT HAS THE SICK SENSE OF HUMOR OF MONTY PYTHON....
I AM THAT MAN AFTER CENTURIES I HAVE COME OUT OF HIDING, THOSE OF MY ERA KNOW ME AS SIR DUKE OF HAZZARD...BUT IN YOUR TIME, I AM SIMPLY CALLED!
†De †Olde† Dark† †Knight†
RETURNETH
ANOTHER MOCK MILLER MASTERPIECE MADE MAINLY FOR MONEY BY:
DON CHIN/WRITER?
PARSONAVICH/ARTIST
CRIME IS ESCALATING. FATAL DISEASES HAVE INCREASED. POVERTY SINKS LOWER AND LOWER. MY UNDERWEAR SMELLS.
THE FUTURE IS WORSE THAN I IMAGINED... WELFARE AND SOCIAL SECURITY DO NOT EXIST BARRY MANILOW IS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THEY CANCELLED "FAMILY TIES". COMIC BOOKS COST $50 EACH. EXCEPT FOR "ADOLESCENT RADIOACTIVE BLACK BELT HAMSTERS" WHICH THE PUBLISHER CAN'T EVEN GIVE AWAY. IT LOOKS DLEAK, DLEAK, DLEAK.

I WAS BROUGHT TO THIS ASTRAL PLANE BY A QUIRK OF FATE, SEEMS MERLIN HAD ONE TOO MANY BREW AT A ROYAL BANQUET WHEN HE AND HIS WAND WENT BERSERK.
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.
BLAH, BLAH, YOURSELF!
OOO!
DROP
"LITTLE TO MY KNOWLEDGE, QUICKLY FOLLOWING ME WAS MY FAITHFUL COMPANION AND TRUSTY STEED RABID..."
MY FAITHFUL, TRUSTY, STUPID STEED RABID...
KA-POW PUNCH!
BOOT!
GET OFF ME, YOU IDIOT!

THAT IS THE STORY OF MY PAST. SINCE WE ARRIVED, THERE HAVE BEEN MANY EXCITING ADVENTURES WE HAVE PARTAKEN IN....
BUT NO PREVIOUS BATTLE CAN EVER COMPARE TO THE ULTIMATE CONFRONTATION THAT AWAITS ME TODAY...
I GO TO MEET A MAN... NOT JUST ANY MAN, BUT ONE THAT EVERY SINGLE LIVING SOUL FEARS OF MEETING.... ...
HIS PLACE OF HIDING IS A IREPRESSIBLE EYESORE UPON THE STREET SIDE - AN UNPOPPED PUSS-FILLED PIMPLE LANGUISHING ABOVE THE TOP LAYER OF THE CONCRETE JUNGLE...
"SOME CALL HIM 'MUTANT', OTHERS REFER TO HIM AS THE 'GRIM FACE OF DEATH'..."
HIS SHRILL AND PENETRATING VOICE SLICES THROUGH THE AIR OF GOTHIC CITY LIKE A SIREN OF SEPTIC, ROTTEN, WITHERED SICKNESS...
ME? I JUST CALL THE MAN 'MELVIN'. HE'S A USED CAR SALESMAN... AND I AM HIS WORST ENEMY -- A PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER!
HEY-A! HOW YA DOING, EH? NICE DAY, EH? WHY DON'TCHA COME IN AN LEMME SHOW YOU OUR CARS? LOTSA BEAUTIES IN OUR SHOW ROOM TODAY!
BACK, INFIDEL!

I FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO RESIST HIS CALL TO BATTLE, AS HE LED ME THROUGH THE ARENA OF NO SAFE RETURN!
LOOKEE HERE! A 1974 AMC ORANGE GREMLIN WITH BLUE LEVI DENIM SEATS..., ONLY 140,000 MILES!! NO? MAYBE YOU'RE A SPORTY DRIVER..., CHECK OUT THIS 69 VW BUG CONVERTED INTO A BAJA OFF-ROAD RACER, 4 MILES TO A GALLON! WHATTA MACHINE!
HIS WORDS BLUDGEONED ME TO THE LEFT AND THE RIGHT! WORDS THAT MAKE THE CONSUMER CRINGE! WORDS LIKE..., 'INSTANT CREDIT!' 'NO MONEY DOWN!', '8.8 PERCENT FINANCING!'.....!
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH AND MORE BLAH!
HE INCREASED THE ONSLAUGHT! I FELT MY HEAD WOULD BURST! VOWELS AND CONSONANTS DRILLED MY HEAD, EMBEDDING THEMSELVES INTO MY CEREBELLUM LIKE PINS IN A PINCUSHION!
EOSEL! POWER WINDOWS! ARIES K! FUEL INJECTION! CRUISE CONTROL! SUBARU BRAT!
AHEM! WHO...I...AM...NOT INTERESTED.
AH! BUT I FOUGHT IT! I USED EVERY LAST BIT OF WILLPOWER TO REFUSE HIS TEMPTATIONS! BUT I SLOWLY CAME UNDER HIS SPELL....
YOU SURE? COME ON INTO OUR NICE, CARPETED SHOWROOM..... HAVE A LOOK AROUND! SIP A CUP OF COFFEE OR SOMETHING!
MR. KNIGHT, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY FRIENDLY, COURTEOUS SALES STAFF... GUS GONZALEZ...
BUENOS DIAS, SENOR!
RUSTY RHODES...
...AND SAL "SHORTY" STUBBINS.
AYY....HOW YA DOIN', MISTUH' KNITE!
HI! DON'T I KNOW YOU, FROM SOMEWHERE? DON'T YOU WORK IN A MUSEUM?

SO THIS IS THE MUTANT MASTER AND HIS RUTHLESS GANG OF CUT-THROATS!
THEY WANT TO TEAM UP AND TAKE ME ON! I HAVE WALKED RIGHT INTO THEIR DEN....
DEFENSELESS
A NEW CAR! THINK ABOUT IT! FREEDOM! QUICK TRANSPORTATION! BE KING OF THE ROAD!
DO YOU HAVE A STEADY JOB? WHAT'S YOUR MONTHLY INCOME (PRE YOU OR WIFE-ERRE FOSCIAL SECURITY YOUNGER ITCAN YOU AFFORD INSURANCE? WHO PLAYED 2ND BASE FOR THE 1908 BALTIMORE ORIOLES?
SI! TINK OF DE FO-CHORE! DE WIFE AND DE KIDS! SHORELY YOU CANNOT CUT THEM ALL ON DE BAK OF A HORSE, NO?
I WANT TO BE YOUR FRIEND, SIR KNIGHT. LET'S GO LUNCH SOMETIME, OR MAYBE SHOOT A ROUND OF GOLF? WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES? IS YOUR GIRLFRIEND INTO KNITTING? MY WIFE IS. I NOW ABOUT IF I BUY YOU A DRINK DOWN AT THE RITZ TONIGHT?
INTERESTED IN BUYING A BUS?
VISA OR MASTER CARD NUMBER?
NAME OF YOUR BANK?
AAAAGGGGHHHK!
UNLEADED, REGULAR OR DIESEL?
DO YOU NEED A 2-DOOR OR 4-DOOR MODEL?
SE HABLA ESPANOL?
STICK OR AUTOMATIC?
WHO DOES YOUR HAIR?
HOW ABOUT THEM GIANTS, EH?
ALL TOO SOON....
YES, I AM THE DARK KNIGHT.... DEFENDER OF JUSTICE.... RIGHTER OF WRONGS.... SOILER OF UNCOUNTABLE SUITS OF ARMOR AND I LIVE FOR THE CITY....
ONCE I PATROLLED THE CITY STREETS RIDING A-TOP A BLACK EURDPEAN GREAT HORSE BORN IN YEAR OF OUR LORD 1510....
BUT I TRADED IN THAT HORSE FOR A NEWER ONE.... MELVIN CALLS IT A LIGHT GREEN 1977 FORD PINTO.... WATCH OUT AMERIKA!
SKREEECH!
THE END OF ME

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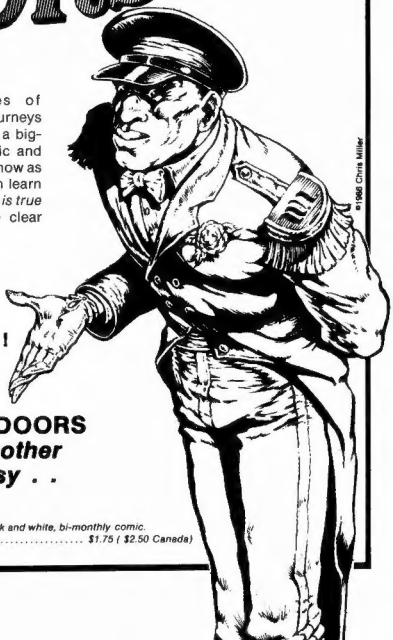

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